THE
UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1877. NO. 4.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable Libraries belonging to the Philomathesian and Philadelphian Societies.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has all the more important English and American periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

A well appointed Laboratory, with a separate desk for each student, furnishes unusual facilities for the study of Chemistry.

In Botany and Geology numerous expeditions into the surrounding country are organized. In Botany, each student is required to prepare a herbarium containing at least seventy-five specimens, and a prize is offered for the largest and best collection.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments, These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

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Rev. C. B. HULBERT,

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FALL TERM begins Aug. 21; closes Nov. 24.
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SPRING TERM begins March 19; closes June 8.

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The Undergraduate.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1877. NO. 4.

THE CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMOTTE.]

A clock one day inquired in haughty tone
A dial from, how far the day was flown.
"I do not know," replied the clerk of Phœbus' years.
"Eh! Why then art thou there, if this thou knowest not?"
"I wait," the dial said, "until the sun appears;
My knowledge all from him is got."
"Then wait; for me Sol has nor cares nor fears,"
The clock said; "and without his help I go my round.
Each eight days am I snugly wound,
And this one winding does a whole week's time obtain.
I journey on without a stop, and it is found
My needle does not take its course in vain.
But listen now: the hour arrives; the strike comes true—
One, two, three, four; that's all the work there is to do,"
It said. But whilst the clock peals loudly out its chimes
The sun, whose burning rays pursue
The clouds and fogs, and drive about,
The dial lights, which, faithful to its guide all times,
The quarter-hour to five points out.
"My child," it to the clock did say,
"Go, get thyself wound up again.
It is thy boast that to all men
Thou tellest true the time of day;
But whoso trusts thee, oft is told 'tis nine at ten.
Now follow in my plan and it will well repay:
If I know not the hour, I say: 'I cannot tell.'
I speak not much, but always well,
And that, meseems, is wisdom's way." T.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

Away in the vague, uncertain time to come, there is a vast imaginary castle, whose sides are built of jagged, unhewn stone, fortified with huge abutments, which terminate far on high in lofty, frowning towers. The many massive portals are barred with formidable iron gates, securely fastened with hardest adamantine bolts and chains. Far within its gloomy, dark recesses there lies a priceless jewel; yet it is the power of one small key to unlock those ponderous doors and bring to light that costly gem.

High up this castle stands, on the frowning summit of a dark, forbidding mountain, whose sides are bristling with rough and rugged rocks, dark, impenetrable forests and thick jungles and threatening cliffs, over whose sides leap thundering mountain torrents which, as they dash headlong far into the depths below, seem to send forth to all the world a mocking cry of defiance. That castle, toward which all men are journeying, is the Mysterious Future. That mountain, up which all men would climb, is the Hill of Fame. That jewel, for which all men are striving, is Success; and that key, which many court but few possess, is *Popularity.*

Are there those who question the validity of this affirmation, who talk of the omnipotence of wisdom, the power of eloqence, the all-prevailing force of wit, the contentment which wealth alone can bring, or the unspeakable happiness which religion affords? Kow then that these are all subservient to that same end, the acquisition of popularity; and popularity in return is designed only for the acquisition of these, for in such a paradoxical relation does it stand to all the acts of life. It is the beginning and the end—the Alpha and the Omega—the *sine qua non* that all men climb up to Heaven upon.

It is obvious that in this democratic age, when each man must build for himself the ladder that leads to greatness, his ultimate success depends upon the favor with which he is received by his fellow-men; for there are but two primary objects of life—to do good and to get rich. Many do good to get rich, and many get rich to do good. Thus we see that it is by this popularity that we attain those very accidents of life to which popularity itself is subject. Popularity is the starting point from which we proceed. Popularity is also the goal to which we must return.

Do not understand this word in its present signification to refer to that favor in the eyes of men which some attain by following assiduously that old maxim, "When you are with the Ro-

mans do as the Romans do"—one day steeping their souls in degradation for a maudlin leer of approbation, and on the morrow performing acts of charity for the sake of seeing their good deeds extolled by some sycophantic journalist. For there is such a type of man—alas, too often seen—who, before he has lived through the first periods of manhood, is assailed by the temptation to be counted among the popular *men about town*. This idea looms grandly among those vanities which hedge his approach to maturity. A new pride grows up on the ruins of the old weak and vain pride of youth. He clothes himself in the method and measure of the world; he studies its humors; he gives up the notion of a *sincerity* among men like that of youth; he becomes a practical psychologist, though perhaps he may be ignorant of the science. There is an easy suavity and graceful indifference in his manner. He becomes proficient in those world tactics which match him with all men. He makes it his art to be desired and admired. His heart wears a stout brazen shield. The whole world becomes but as the theatre for the exhibition of his accomplishments. He aspires to be up with the fashion of the time—to be ignorant of *plain things*, to be knowing in *brilliancies*—to be the lion of gilded assemblies—to be spoken well of by clergymen and elderly people—to be highly respectable in church, and to be "hail fellow well met" with the "knights of the green-covered table."

Such is *not* the popularity "which endureth forever, which fadeth not away." Learn, then, you who are soon to sever the cords that bind you to your foster mother, to go forth and take your places on the stage as minor actors in the great Drama of Life — whether it be in the *role* of servants of Christ, esteemed for worthiness of purpose and genuine goodness of heart; or as dispensers of justice, widely famed for sound reasoning and extensive erudition—whether as physicians or scientists. If when the curtain falls and you make your final exit, you would receive the plaudit "well done" from the all-wise critic, as well as the admiring multitude, you have only to possess the key of that far-off imaginary castle—the "open sesame" Popularity—which leads to Success.

THE ADIRONDACK TALES.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray is the Boston pastor who thinks that the preacher, the horse-jockey, the editor, the sportsman, the lecturer, and the novelist, may all find their highest expression in a single individual; and he is also of the opinion, though he is very modest about expressing it, that Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor of the New England Church, Boston, owner of several of the best horses in the country, editor of the *Golden Rule*, etc., is *that* individual.

Since Mr. Murray is endowed with a brilliancy of intellect and a depth of mind which easily raises him above the common crowd of aspirants for fame, he is able to exemplify his theory of an all-powerful genius to some extent, yet we fear that some of his work is deprived of that individual enthusiasm and interest which alone can give it success.

His latest work is the "Adirondack Tales," the second of which is now being published in his paper, the *Golden Rule*. The first of these tales is "The Story that the Keg told me," and it is evidently only a medium for the introduction of the principal characters who are to be prominent in the succeeding tales.

Henry Herbert, rowing his boat upon a secluded lake, which he supposes has never before felt the "dip of Saxon oars," is startled by discovering a floating keg. This keg, by his lonely camp-fire that night, tells the story of a miser by whom it, full of yellow gold, was brought into the wilderness. The story being told, the keg falls to pieces with a crash and wakes Herbert. It is now midnight, and Herbert, as he steps down to the moonlit lake, is startled again to behold the figure of a man in a boat, evidently watching Herbert's camp-fire. This proves to be *John Norton*, the trapper and the central figure of the Adirondack tales. He supplements the Story of the Keg by telling how he buried the

repentant miser on that very spot, eleven years ago. This story is one that we should tell our children as a warning against the love of money, and it would interest them, too. But its principal value in the Adirondack tales is to bring together Henry Herbert, the pet of the "settlements," and John Norton, the mighty, courageous, noble king of the woods.

The second tale, and the one in which the power of the author begins to show itself, is "The Story of the Man who Didn't Know Much." And now we make the acquaintance of a new character, and one drawn with much naturalness, the "lad, weak in the top story and narrer in the chest, but a powerful gift for rowin'." This story contains the account of a deer hunt in the wilderness and a boat race on the Saranac, both of which must obtain a high place as specimens of vivid picture-writing.

It has been said that, to attain the highest excellence, a writer must have the power of *going out of himself.* Few indeed have been the authors who have thus been able to think, to feel and to act as the character of their creation would think, feel and act under given circumstances. This power Mr. Murray has not attained as yet, and although his characters are strongly drawn and each plainly marked from the others, yet in their conversation we perceive the thoughts, the feelings and the ideas of the radical modern preacher as plainly as we do in his sermons which are published in the same paper with his stories. It must be, indeed, that Mr. Murray intends to represent himself in the character of Henry Herbert. But he is especially fond of expressing his opinions on subjects social, moral and religious, through the mouth of the old trapper. Henry Herbert is a young parson, but he never stops to say grace before his meals in the woods. This gives the old trapper an opportunity of moralizing to the extent of half a column on the absurdity of asking the Divine blessing at meals, and of explaining how, when the heart is right, the grace goes up as the victuals go down. Sometimes, too, this lengthy moralizing comes in when it seems unnatural. Notwithstanding this, the character of John Norton is one that will stand, because of its simplicity, its purity, its courage, and because it sometimes rises almost to the sublime. When we read it we cannot help thinking of the "Deerslayer." Not because John Norton and the Deerslayer are drawn alike in detail, but because Mr. Murray means by John Norton just what Cooper meant by the Deerslayer—"The ideal of chivalresque manhood, of the grace which is the natural flower of purity and virtue; not the Stoic but the Christian of the woods, the man of honorable act and sentiment, of courage and truth."

A PAIR OF PROVERBS.

The human mind clings lovingly to folly. Wherever it has appeared in history, the mind of man has exhibited an astonishingly colossal capacity to hug the countless forms of error and to press them to its bosom in fond embrace. It was so at the infancy of the earth; it was so throughout all the ages succeeding, and it is so to-day. It is so with paganism, with infidelity and with Christianity; it is so with the wise man and the fool. The history of the world is proof of the fact; the annals of nations are full of examples.

There is perhaps no form in which people are more apt to show forth this universal tendency to folly than in the maxims, proverbs and sayings which have become the common property of all civilization. The number of these proverbs which have come to be current in the world is truly surprising, and the amount of folly which they contain is almost beyond computation. If you were to take all the popular proverbs in existence and examine them with only a small degree of critical care, you would find that seven or eight out of every ten are the embodiment of undeniable and unadulterated nonsense. And oftentimes this fact is so plainly patent to inspection that it is rather hard to see how they ever came to obtain the approval of common sense. A large number of them are so palpably spurious that their ring alone proclaims them false. Indeed, it seems as though a sentence or maxim

needs only the grace of a pleasant sound to make it a part of our wit or wisdom; that it is not sense but sound which usually gains a saying its passport to favor and quotation. The absurdity of this is easy to demonstrate.

For illustrations we take up a couple of these maxims of the people and will plainly prove them full of folly. The two which we pick out are especially popular and perhaps especially nonsensical. They are bandied about on the tongues of men and are particularly the property of the benevolent and just, though the tyrant may warp them to his use and the rascal proclaim them with lusty voice. They are expressed in unimpeachable and elegant Latinity and are these: the first—*Vox populi, vox Dei;* and the second—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Look at them, examine them, think of them; "The voice of the people is the voice of God." "Of the dead let naught but good be spoken." Grand and sonorous, truly; but should we let them stand unchallenged with the wisdom of the world? Assuredly not.

Vox populi, vox Dei—it bears the impress of falsehood upon its face. No, the voice of the people is *not* the voice of God. On the other hand, in countless cases in history the connection between the two has been so slight that the voice of the people has often seemed to be, *not* the voice of God, but the voice of the devil. It was the voice of a people that cried, "Crucify him, crucify him," in the days of old; it was the voice of a people which drenched the soil of beautiful France with innocent blood and which attempted the obliteration of society in the dark days of the French Revolution; it is the voice of a people which holds Ireland in chains; indirectly, it was the voice of a people which persecuted Switzerland, which crushed out Poland, which shackled Hungary. Was it also the voice of God? No, plainly not; and the voice of the people is the voice of God when the worldly interests of the people can be best promoted by obeying the will of God—then, and only then. At other times the people's voice will sound very similar to that of Satan, if indeed the two be not the same.

But enough of this proverb. We cannot at present pay it more attention, but will now proceed to give the other a brief and hence only a superficial examination.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. This maxim evidently originated in philanthrophy and benevolence, and when its teaching is put in practice, it is always more creditable to those who give it utterance than it can be to him whose memory it affects. It may at first seem entirely fitting that we should speak only of the good in the actions of those who have left the habitation here; but to do so, while it can do the dead no possible benefit, is yet a bald injustice to the living. It is natural that men should wish to preserve in kind remembrance the names and fames of friends; and so long as to perform this grateful part they have only to tell what is just and true of the dead and gone, no proper objection can be found or urged against the practice. But suppose that the man whose praises are sung had been a villain all his life? Suppose that his private life was coated with crime and his public life with dishonesty and greed? Suppose that he had been a man of a fabulous fortune, worth his millions and his tens of millions of dollars; and suppose that during all his days he had hoarded his gold to himself alone, and had never given a dime in help of charity or to relieve the sufferings of the penniless poor? What then? Are we still to praise him to the world? Never! It would be a sin against Christianity and an injustice to all good and humane men among the living. It would be better far for humanity that the good a man does *should* be interred with his bones, and that the evil of his life should live for ages after him, than that the reverse should ever hold. It is not the fault of the living that the dead have not worked well. Neither should it be their duty to make fiends into angels, to whitewash the memory of a Henry VIII., of an Astor or a Vanderbilt. It should simply be the duty of the living to tell the tale of the dead as it was; and then would the folly and wrong of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* be changed to the wisdom and right of *De mortuis nil nisi verum.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

THE UNDERGRADUATE has now been in life for the space of a college year, and the present issue would have completed the first volume of the paper if we had not, for reasons which seemed to us sufficient, left that volume unfinished and begun a new one with the beginning of the college year. All persons who are indebted to THE UNDERGRADUATE for their subscription for the first year are hereby informed that it is time to settle up and also to renew their subscriptions, if they intend to do so. And we hope no son of Middlebury College will hesitate to subscribe again and help the paper along that much. We hope also that every alumnus of the institution who has not already sent in his name will do so without delay. We are not now begging for money with which to try an experiment, but are simply requesting the graduates and friends of Middlebury College to be affectionate enough and patriotic enough to assist a worthy institution of their *alma mater* to the extent of a dollar a year. The present revenues of the paper are sufficient to keep it afloat as it is; but it is easy to see that improvements might be properly made. Nothing but a largely increased list of subscribers, however, can warrant attempts in this direction—an increase larger than we can reasonably expect to obtain. Meanwhile, we can use all the money that is owing us now, and would be happy to have it sent on.

ST. ALBANS will be a happy place some fourteen years from now. Fate and folly in combination have said that she should have a college—and fate and folly must have their will, despite of all beside. We wish our coming fellow-institution all good luck, but could not for a fortune tell from whence such luck shall come. What St. Albans wants of a college, or what she can do with one after it is got, is a problem which we fear no earthly ingenuity can half suffice to solve. Vermont already has one college, and that one is our wise and learned Foster Mother known as Middlebury College. Besides this, there is also in the state and situate at Burlington a thing which used to be esteemed as something of a college; but so very voracious has it recently grown in the race for students that it swallows in with the greatest greed whatever comes to ask admission, not caring whether it be clad in petticoat or pantaloon, if only it has learned the English alphabet. But even with the single college which she now possesses, Vermont is fully furnished forth to educate her sons and also some from other states. Perhaps, however, St. Albans is bigger than Vermont, or perhaps her college that is coming will have the art to conjure students up at will. We hope it may be so, and yet we know that while her possibilities may be many and magnificent, her probabilities are not by any means so fine.

Now, let no one say that our remarks are sprung from jealousy of rivalry or from any fear for Middlebury's future. We have no such fear. On the contrary, we are confident that Middlebury will be in the future, as she is in the present, the only college of consequence within Vermont. Certainly, no endowment of $100,000 or of $150,000, will ever avail to cut her out. She can stand more rivals than the state can produce.

Let St. Albans have her college, then, and every other town that wishes one. Ay, let every hamlet of a dozen souls go boasting of its university; let every mountain-peak throughout the state be proud to bristle with its college-dome—yet we need never tremble. We only write from sympathy for the as yet but embryonic institution, and we fear we speak no word but truth when we say its road must needs be rocky. Indeed, it seems that the only success it can ever have will be disastrous failure.

We have sometimes found it a means of much amusement to observe the modes of procedure which are most in vogue with the larger part of the students who are accustomed to daily resort to the reading-room in search of pleasure or instruction. Superficially, and to the thoughtless onlooker, it may not appear that there is anything in these mentioned modes which can justly create a smile; but to one who keeps always in mind the purpose of a student's presence in the reading-room, and who closely observes the method used to accomplish that purpose, it is really ridiculous. We assert that it would be no easy matter to discover out of every ten students who frequent the reading-room three men who have the art of reading a newspaper judiciously and with profit. Just take a seat some day beside the stove in the college reading-room and watch the operations of the habitués thereof—keeping all the time in mind for what the men are there—and you cannot help but see that we are right in our remark. When on a summer's day we behold the swarms of buzzing bees flitting about from flower to flower in the field, we are unconsciously impressed with the idea that these busy toilers are not endowed with any great amount of common sense; so when we see persons flitting aimlessly from paper to paper and from magazine to magazine, we are almost impressed with the same idea. Indeed, the comparison is rather in favor of the bees, for they at least pick up a little honey from every flower on which they light and end by bringing home a load; while the flitting reader, merely casting his eye over the paper for a moment or hastily glancing through the pages of a magazine, and scarcely stopping to read at all, is simply wasting his precious time. Or, if at times something actually catches his attention, and if you look over his shoulder, and it be in a newspaper, you will be almost certain to find him reading stuff of no earthly good, and which is only printed to fill up space. Or, again, if it be a magazine, he is pretty sure to be reading an insipid and useless story of how a young gentleman and young lady meet each other; how the young gentleman is possessed of a handsome person and limitless genius, and the young lady of wonderful beauty and oceans of wealth; how they immediately proceed to get lost in the labyrinth of love, and how, after various distressing trials and tribulations, they are at last made happy by the parson's word. This same bill of fare is set before the readers of magazines in each succeeding month, and we have seen students who took intense delight in wallowing in this kind of slush, to the exclusion of valuable and important matter.

You may say, perhaps, that you can't read everything. Of course you can't; but that is no reason for reading the very worst stuff printed when you read at all. And if you are not able to read every line in all the papers, that is no reason whatever why you should not read something in some of them, and thus keep yourself posted about the work of the world. We have not space to give any particular directions, but if any one will only follow the very excellent advice given last winter by Professor Brainerd in his lecture on "what to read and how to read," we assure him that he cannot go far astray.

The art of extempore speaking, so far as extempore speaking may be properly called an art, appears to be dying out, and the American college of to-day fosters it but little. This we count a deplorable fact, and at the same time it is an undoubted one. It is true that most of our colleges, if not all of them, pretend to give some training in this direction, but it is only pretence.

Now, we beg leave to suggest that extempore speaking is something which should be taught, as far at least as it can be taught, in every institution of learning in the land, and we think that Middlebury College should not stand after others in this respect. Off-hand delivery, in our opinion, should be cherished to the utmost possible degree.

It is by many maintained that the power to make a decent and praiseworthy speech or address without previous particular preparation is a gift of nature, and that it cannot be acquired by any amount of pains. Now, while we cannot deny that this is true in part, we also know that it is not wholly so. By careful schooling and judicious training much may be done in this direction for one who is of good intelligence, but who may not be especially fitted for extempore speaking by the work of nature's hands. But this training, we say, must be judicious and this schooling careful, if anything like respectable success is to be attained. It must be such a training as will render a man who has a good memory, a good knowledge of passing and past events, a good power to institute comparisons and draw conclusions, capable of giving an intelligent and intelligible expression of his opinion, at a moment's notice, on any question with the merits of which he may be acquainted.

But it may be said by some that extempore speaking is *not* dying out among men and that the power is as common and as well-trained today as it ever was. They may give as proof instances of the many people who are everywhere found who possesss a very vast loquacity, and who are always keeping it in exercise. But we do not think there is much that is desirable or to be envied in such gifts as these people ordinarily have. They belong to a class of brainless bores, who, when they have got acquainted with you, — no hard job, by the way! — soon grow to be about as welcome as the itch, and as easy to escape from as death. They are always talking, and have the faculty of talking all day without saying anything. While they all regard themselves as Nestorian in their powers, and think that words flow sweeter than honey from their lips, their utterances are apt to prove on examination to be *vox et prœterea nihil*. Their conversation is a continual exhibition of their folly, and when you come down to talk good common sense, these brilliant fools are then about as much at home as a pig would be in a parlor. They are always on the watch for a chance to make asses of themselves, and are never known to miss an opportunity.

Now, we protest emphatically against calling these fellows extempore speakers. They are nothing of the kind, and however nonsensically loquacious they are on ordinary occasions, if they were suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to address an audience, they would be very apt to fail outright and to get as completely lost as a pin in the ocean. We have seen an instance in point. On a certain occasion we saw a man of a college education, who was considered to be of more than common intelligence, and noted as a really fine conversationalist, when called upon to respond to a toast — we saw him, we say, fail shamefully in the attempt. His ordinarily excellent conversational powers did not serve him then, and after stammering out a few unintelligible words he sat down in confusion and mortification. If he had had a little appropriate training this could not have happened.

Now, we think that whatever means of advance there may be in this department of education should be used to the utmost degree. As far as a man can be made a good off-hand speaker, we believe that our colleges should step in to do the work. There is, of course, no denying the importance of the power and the many and varied services to which it may be put. It is of great value to a man every day of his life, and is often the stepping-stone to high position. All possible pains should therefore be taken to acquire the art, and there is no place where this could be easier and better done than at college. It is worth more to have it than all else that can be acquired at college in a year, and if a year's hard work would give it the time would in our opinion be most profitably spent.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

The birds have gone south!

Full beards are all the style this winter.

Two of the Seniors have gone on the stage.

Middlebury was unusually lively during vacation.

"The course of true love never *did* run *smooth*."

And "Bub" has at last gone off to get married! It's "John's" turn next.

A certain Senior annihilates "Lo, the poor Indian," from the lecture platform.

The Senior class are all fully agreed that a woman looks better with a dress on.

The "chip and hungry club" had a very pleasant hop the last night of last term.

The meetings during the week of prayer were attended with a good deal of interest.

The term opened with a full attendance, in consequence of the new regulation about teaching.

Pres. Hulbert as a lecturer seems to be all the rage this winter. He is "on the go" nearly all the time.

The "terpsichorean season" for this term opened with a "hop" in Negus' hall, which was quite fully attended.

Our local editor has had a slight attack of consumption, which was the cause of the delay in getting out this number.

Could a kick administered upon a flying student by an enraged parient be called an *a posteriori* argument? Ask that Senior.

"A woman was the cause of it all," says an exchange. Well, perhaps that May have Bennett, but we hardly wish to express our opinion.

Would a college that is too shiftless or penurious to make paths for the students be civilized or semi-civilized? We'll have to refer that to "Guizot."

The Senior class have cause for a great deal of congratulation upon having Dr. Labaree to instruct them in International Law and the History of Civilization.

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!" But the students will swear about it nevertheless when they slip off the top of the path and plunge in up to their necks.

Owing to the difficulty with which the chapel is warmed, the morning exercises are held in the philosophical room, and the usual "conglomeration" is the result.

The "powers that be" have at last secured as Senior professor the Rev. David McGregor Means, who will take his place about the middle of this term. He comes very highly recommended.

There is a rumor afoot that the students and all fun-loving people of this quiet borough, are soon to indulge in a grand old-fashioned sleigh-ride to some one of the suburban towns. "Let's all go."

THE UNDERGRADUATE will hereafter be published at the middle of the month for which it is dated, instead of at the end of the preceding month. This arrangement will fit in better with the vacations, and the paper will henceforth be "on time."

A student attended a Christmas tree exercise where the crowd was so large that he was obliged to sit on another student's lap. Imagine the universal *smile* when the wretch, with most audacious politeness, offered his seat to a very dignified school-ma'am of no mean proportions. She declined.

A Fresh. entered a book store a few days since, and after staring about for a while pointed to several copies of Dickens, saying to the clerk: "Be them some of Dickens' latest?" "Yes." "Ah, dew yeou like Dickens?" "Yes." "Ah, dew yeou like him as well as *David Copperfield?*" Clerk is squelched.

The Baccalaureate sermon preached last Commencement by President Hulbert has been published, and has been received by the press of the state in a very flattering way. We had intended to speak of it more at length, but so much time has elapsed since its publication, that our remarks would now be out of date.

It seems as if everybody was stage-struck this winter. First there was the W. C. T. U. entertainment, in which Prof. Higley and wife won everlasting glory. Then the East Middleburyites thrilled us with their "blood and thunder," and, not to be outdone, the M. R. C. gave the "Green Mountain Boy" and the "Loan of a Lover," at which time several of the students made their *debut*.

What is the reason that the Saturday's papers are not put into the reading-room on Sunday? It has been done in other years, and of course it ought to be done now. The time to read a newspaper is when what it contains is news, and the daily papers which are on the reading-room list ought to be in the room as soon as convenient after they arrive in town. If anyone is paid for taking care of this matter it ought to be attended to a little more carefully than it has been so far this year.

Cheeky student is sent to the board to demonstrate the proposition of the centre of gravity of a pyramid. Is a long while in constructing his figure, but finally, with the aid of papers in his pockets and hints from several students sitting near, gets the figure drawn. Professor asks impatiently: "Mr. X., haven't you got that pyramid constructed yet?" "Just done, sir," says X. "Well," the professor says, with signs of satisfaction, "I'm glad to hear it; you were not quite so long about it as the ancient Egyptians were." Cheeky student: "Not quite, sir; but then they didn't have so much help about it."

PERSONALS.

'30. Professor W. H. Parker is president of the Middlebury Reform Club.

'35. Rev. Merrill Richardson died at Milford, Mass., on Monday, Dec. 11, at the age of 64 years.

'40. Hon. E. J. Phelps is one of the counsel for Park and Schenck, the defendants in the suit brought by the English stock-holders in the Emma mine, now being tried in New York.

'54. T. H. McLeod, Esq., has been quite sick for some time, but is now getting better. He intends to take up his residence in Granville as soon as he recovers his health.

'57. Hon. L. D. Eldredge has been appointed village attorney by the trustees.

'61. Lyman W. Peet is superintendent of schools for Cornwall.

'62. N. F. Rider has been elected N. G. in the Lake Dunmore Lodge of I. O. O. F.

'63. E. A. Sturdevant, Esq., was delegate from the Middlebury lodge to the meeting of the state lodge of Good Templars, at Bennington.

'64. Prof. Ezra Brainerd spent part of his vacation in Maine, and preached in Portland.

'68. Prof. Higley would make a fine professional actor. He plays Poor Pillicoddy to perfection.

'68. Pat Burke spent the Christmas holidays in town.

'70. J. E. Stapleton is a justice of the peace for Middlebury, having been elected to that office in September.

'70. H. S. Perrigo is overseer of the New Haven grange.

'70. S. A. Giffin has begun to practice law in Ludlow, and is also an insurance agent.

'70. Prof. M. E. Severanc of Afton, Minn., was in town recently, visiting his friends.

'71. A. B. Hepburn is a member of the New York Assembly, having been re-elected by the Republicans of St. Lawrence county.

'71. Born, at Cameron, Missouri, on December 18, a son to Hiram Smith, Jr.

'72. Rev. E. L. Walker's parishoners in Bristol have presented him with an overcoat and have given him a donation benefit worth $90.

'73. Rev. C. N. Brainerd was recently installed pastor of the Congregational church at South Dennis, Mass. President Hulbert preached the sermon.

'74. T. W. Darling of the New Haven Theological Seminary, preached in the Congregational church at Middlebury, on Sunday, December 31.

'75. F. G. Swinington, of the Harvard law school, spent part of the holiday vacation in town.

'76. H. P. James is preaching at Sandstone, Michigan.

'76. E. C. Evans is acting-pastor of the First Congregational church at Fort Scott, Kansas.

'78. R. H. Smith is reported to have left college.

'80. F. S. June is sick at his home in Brandon.

THE SANCTUM.

The *Pactolus* and the *Band and Æsthetic Journal* come around to our sanctum once in every three months. We like them both so well that we would be fully resigned if we were compelled to wait a year between numbers.

Our grateful thanks are due to the exchange man of the Oberlin *Review*, and we make haste to tender them. We are firmly persuaded that the said exchange man could not only find sermons in stones, but that he would be fully equal to the task of gathering figs from thistles and grapes from thorns. His recent attempt at a criticism of THE UNDERGRADUATE gave the most undeniable evidence of his extraordinary abilities in these directions.

We have received the first number of the *College Echo*, from the College of the City of New York. With the single exception that the matter is not quite so systematically arranged as it should be, the new paper is really worthy of considerable praise. The essay on Hood is admirable, both in matter and style, and is the only thing we ever found in a college paper which we considered worthy a second reading. We hope that the *Echo* will be generously supported.

There must be great joy in heaven over the repentance of the Dartmouth sinner who used to steal turkeys, cider, etc., but who, judging from his article in the last number of the Hanover paper, has evidently departed from the error of his ways. Mr. G. W., we hope you will excuse us for telling you plainly that "A Soliloquy," in the same number of the *Dartmouth*, is not poetry, but rhyme. Moreover, it is easy to see that you will never make a poet, so if we were you we wouldn't try it any more.

Reviewers, like liars, should have good memories, else the two will sometimes seem to be identical. The exchange editor of the *College Olio*, in the number dated Nov. 25, says: "Our space was filled before we were aware of it. Therefore we are obliged to lay over some of our best exchanges till next month. THE UNDERGRADUATE, *Chronicle*, * * * are among them." Three weeks afterwards this same dispenser of justice pickles us thus: "THE UNDERGRADUATE, with a corps of seven editors, and issued but monthly, ought to be a better paper than it is." How do you like us this time, *Olio?*"

When about to go to press we received the first number of the *Montpelierian*, which is the result of the fusion of the *Journal* and the *Pactolus*, and we need not hesitate to say that the new paper is a vast improvement on either of the others, and indeed no change could very well have been made which would be otherwise. The paper is not so handsomely printed as the *Band and Æsthetic Journal* was, but its typography is still pretty good. In the number before us the impious people of Montpelier are soundly berated for letting a theatrical troupe carry away from the town two or three hundred dollars, while lecture courses, missions, etc., are not supported by them with much generosity. We are very much obliged for its good opinion of THE UNDERGRADUATE, and are happy to be able to say in return that the worst thing about the new paper is its name.

PLUNDER.

An honest but carnal-minded Freshman inquired in the library, the other day, for the first volume of Peter Cooper's Striped-Stocking Tales.—*Ex.*

This is the way a Freshman does away with an accusation and an adversary at a single stroke: "I deny the allegation and defy the allegator."—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What do you think of the justice of this claim?"

Student—"I think (after an interval of intense thought) that I didn't read as far as that."—*Ex.*

A student of this college, somewhat noted for his length, was swelling down town smoking a cigar, when a dirty "yagger" accosted him with: "Say, Mister, throw us down a match, will yer?"—*Orient.*

An unblushing Freshman stepped up to Prof. —— the other day, and blandly asked him whom he voted for in the presidential election. "What do you want to know for?" asked the astonished Prof. "I have a bet on it, sir!"—*Ex.*

Professional way of saying "you're a nuisance": "Mr. ———, you have more extensive facilities for making yourself thoroughly disagreeable, and exercise them more conscientiously, than any young man I know of!"—*Ex.*

New Year's Day has exerted its baneful influence upon the students this year to a most alarming extent. How can any one expect the heads so crammed with girls to have room for anything else? And yet lessons are demanded of them with the usual deportment.—*Ex.*

Senior class room. Mr. L.—"Dr., could the wicked find any pleasure in associating with the good in the next life?"

Dr. A.—"No, sir."

Mr. L.—"Then wasn't God kind to provide Hell for their comfort?"—*Ex.*

During the late political canvass a stump speaker in the course of his remarks said: "You might as well set a college student to guard a water-melon patch as to set the Democratic party to guard the treasury." We protest; the average college student is a Republican.—*Ex.*

It was noticed as a peculiar circumstance that during the cold weather, when the thermometer marked ten degrees below zero, the Sophomores exposed their faces to the cutting wind with perfect impunity—not a single cheek was frost-bitten. Too much "brass" even for old Boreas.—*Ex.*

A certain Jun. came home from the dance very much fatigued. After trying to hang his hat on a fly that was clinging half frozen to the wall, and putting his boots to soak in the wash bowl, he sank down to rest on a couple of trunks and murmuring "lagg be-r," passed quietly into the land of nod.—*Ex.*

Junior translating: "Et divina opici rodebant carmina mures," "And the divine songs of the barbarians wore away the walls." The originality of this young man is only equalled by that of a student at a fitting school who translated "Hic patriam vendidit aureo," "This one hung up his father by the ear."—*Ex.*

At a recent debate on the question, "Was Hamlet Mad?" the subtle arguments on the negative were knocked to immortal smash by an oratorical Freshman, who said: "Wouldn't you be mad if your uncle pizened your father, eat up the funeral baked meats, married your mother, and made himself generally and thoroughly disagreeable? Say!"—*Ex.*

In the logic class, a Junior was called upon to explain the last point in the lesson. He arose but could not "recall" the last point. On receiving the suggestion from the Professor that it was probably a period, he manifested a thorough knowledge of that punctuation mark by suggesting that it was a "full stop," and resuming his seat in the midst of applause. —*Ex.*

Prof. in Latin—"Mr. W., I find that your paper on last examination was not worth correcting."

Mr. W.—"Indeed, but there must be some mistake about this: I didn't hand in any paper at the last examination."

Prof.—"How was that?"

Mr. W.—"I was not present."

Professor looks around for another victim.—*Ex.*

Prof. in English Literature—"Which of the three great languages did John Gower think would endure the longest?"

Student (sleepily)—"I have'nt the least idea."

Prof.—"I had no reason to suppose that you had. Of what did his 'Confessio Amantis' treat?"

Student (in despair)—"It treated of the fickleness of conjugal *fidelity*."

Prof.—"That is sufficient."—*Ex.*

Guyot's Books Placed First

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From the Report on Geography, at the Vienna Exposition to the French Government, by E. Levasseur, a member of the Internationol Jury. This learned geographer is a member of the Institute, Professor in the College of France, and Commissioner to organize a National System of geographical instruction.

"Ils [other geographies. — Ed.] dérivent tous du type créé par M. Arnold Guyot. Ce savant, dont le dernier 'Atlas Physical Geography' rapelle dignement le premier ouvrage, la Terre et l'Homme, a senti que la géographie avait besoin d'être comprise plus encore qu'apprise; il s'est appliqué à donner l'intelligence des grands lois de la nature à ses élèves, et à inspirer par là le sentiment de l'harmonie que préside à l'arrangement du monde; rendant l'enseignement élevé et interessant par des vues générales, en même temps que simple et accessible à des enfants, il est devenu le créateur d'une méthode féconde... ..La méthode la plus suivie ou du moins la plus originale est celle de M. Arnold Guyot. Elle se fonde, comme la méthode qui débute par la commune, sur la facilité qu'ont les enfants de comprendre et de retenir par la vue; elle évite les définitions abstraites et la nomenclatures, et mettant à profit les scénes de la nature, tempêtes, cascades, paysages de forêts, les travaux des hommes tels que chasse, labourage, ou les lois élémentaires de la physique du globe, vent, hiver, elle intéresse par des images que le maître accompagne de descriptions, sans s'attacher précisément à décrire le lieu qu'il habite. Ces deux méthodes sont rationelles et bien préférable à celle qui consiste à faire apprendre par cœur, au début une longue série de définitions abstraites sur les termes géographiques, et à continuer par des séries de noms propres, mers, iles, villes, etc., sans commentaire; si l'on ajoute, ce que tous les auteurs de géographie blâment, mais ce que certains membres pratiquent, sans carte, on arrive à faire de la géographie, qui est par elle-même attrayante, l'enseignement le plus fastidieux et le plus sterile.....

"Je termine cette revue par les États-Unis. Nous y retrouvons M. Guyot, qui accomplit dans la cartographie murale la même révolution que dans le reste de l'enseignement géographique. Il s'applique surtout à mettre en lumiére les grands traits de la géographie physique, cours d'eau, plaines, versants, plateaux, hautes chaines; il emploie surtout le vert et le bistre, en réservant des blancs sur les plus hautes crêtes; son planisphére, son Amérique du Nord, et surtout ses États-Unis, qui ont les mérites de ses atlas transformés dans le style mural, sont exécutés avec une grande habileté. Les autres cartes murales que preséntaient les États-Unis étaient bien inférieures; les cartes particulières d'États n'avaient aucune des qualités propres aux cartes murales."

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